
Title: The Khaldela

Author: Isk of Magincia

I, Isk, a Magincian, an author and father, the Magnate and founder of Humanis write this for you in dark times. Uncertain of what the result of this, my proposal, may be for myself, yet in the conviction that it will be to your interest to adopt it, I have ventured to write this, for you.

Sosarians there is no need to despair of our present position, however hopeless it may seem. Some of you have been told, others know and remember, how formidable the minor races were, not many years ago, and yet how at the call of virtue and duty you played a part not unworthy of your race, and entered the lists against them in defence of your lands. I remind you of this, Sosarians, because I want you to know and realize that, as no danger can assail you while you are on your guard, so if you are remiss no success can attend you. Learn a lesson from the former strength of the Hand of Humanis, which mastered by strict attention to humanity's affairs within the realm of Trammel, and the present arrogance of our enemy the Court of Light, which discomposes us because

we ignore every call of
duty to do them harm.

But if anyone, my fellow
humans, is inclined to
think Molly too
formidable, having regard
to the extent of her
existing resources and to
our loss of most our
power, she is indeed
right, yet she must
reflect that we too, men
of the pure race, once
held Nujelm, Minoc, and
Vesper and had in our
own hands all the
surrounding territory, and
that many of the
Trammel guilds now in her
service were then free
and independent and were
indeed more inclined to
side with a just ally. It
was precisely by acting
on false goodness that
Molly and her allies hold
more lands than our lord
Lord British. Some she
has seized by right of
arms, others she has won
by alliance and friendship.
Why is elven deception
worth more than racial
right in today's times?

Now like never before, if
each citizen is ready to
throw off his diffidence
and serve the path of
human destiny as he
ought and as he best
may, the rich paying, the
strong fighting, if, briefly
and plainly, you will
consent to become your
own lords, and if each
will cease to expect that,
while he does nothing
himself, his neighbor will
do everything for him,
then, Fortune willing, you
will recover our racial
claims, you will restore
what has been eroded by
Molly's vulture like beak,
and you will turn the
tables upon the Court of

Light.

Do not believe that her
present power is fixed
and unchangeable. No, my
friends; she is a mark
for the hatred and fear
and envy even of those
who now seem devoted to
her. One must assume
that even her adherents
are subject to the same
passions as any other
men. At present, however,
all these feelings are
repressed and have no
outlet, thanks to your
indolence and apathy,
which I urge you to
throw off at once!

For observe, my friends,
the height to which the
woman's insolence has
soared; she leaves you no
choice of action or
inaction; she blusters and
talks like a queen,
according to all accounts;
she cannot rest content
with the influence she
has acquired; she is
always taking in more,
seeking treaties and
forming alliances
everywhere casting her
net round us, while we
sit idle and do nothing.
When, Sosarians, will you
take the necessary
action? What are you
waiting for? Until you
are compelled, I presume.
But what are we to
think of what is
happening now? For my
own part I think that for
a free race there can be
no greater compulsion
than shame for their
position. Or tell me, are
you content to ask the
herald "Is there any news
today?" Could there be
any news more startling
than that an elf is
triumphing over humanity
and settling the destiny

of Trammel?

It seems to me,
Sosarians, as if some
daemon, out of delight
for the conduct of our
facet, had inspired Molly
with this devilish activity.
For if she did nothing
more, but were willing to
rest satisfied with what
she has already
manipulated and acquired, I
believe some of you would
be quite content with
what must bring the
deepest disgrace upon us
and brand us as a facet
of cowards. But by
always attempting
something new, always
grasping at more power,
she may possibly rouse
even you, if you have not
utterly abandoned hope.
Take a look at Nujelm.
Shall we not man a fleet
and seize it? Shall we
not take the beach with
at least a proportion of
human troops, even now,
if never before? Shall we
not sail against Molly's
allied territory? The
progress of the war, men
of Sosaria, will itself
discover the weak places
in her devilish web, if
only we make the effort;
but if we sit here at
home listening to the
abuse and mutual
recriminations of the
propagandists, there is
not the slightest chance
of our getting anything
done that ought to be
done. . . .

Truly, Sosarians, I do
think that Molly is drunk
with the magnitude of
her achievements and
dreams of further
conquests, when, elated by
her recent success, she
finds that there is none
to bar her way for not

even the Regency stands
to deflect her grasp on
Trammel's throat. And
she is choking the life
from it! But if, putting
fear aside, we recognize
that this woman is our
enemy, who has for years
been robbing and insulting
our race, that wherever
we once hoped to find
help we have found
hindrance, that the future
lies in our own hands, and
if we refuse to fight
now in Nujelm, we shall
perhaps be forced to
fight in our lands if, I
say, we recognize these
facts, then we shall be
done with idle words and
shall come to a right
decision.

For my own part, I have
never yet chosen to
court your favor by
saying anything that I
was not quite convinced
would be to your
advantage; my dedication
to our race is proven
countless of times for it
was I who persuaded the
Magincians to liberate
Minoc of the drow in
years past. It was I who
caused explosions to shake
the foundations of the
Court of Light, a blast
that I hoped would awaken
you from your passivity.
It was I who did this and
many other things in
favour of humanity. And
now, keeping nothing back,
I have given free
utterance to my plain
sentiments.